Rating:

Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:

Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Category:

M/M

Fandom:

Hannibal (TV)

Relationship:

Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter

Characters:

Will Graham Hannibal Lecter Will Graham's Parents Winston (Hannibal) Alana Bloom Brian Zeller Jimmy Price Beverly Katz Mason Verger Margot Verger Dr. Frederick Chilton

Additional Tags:

Non-Evil Hannibal Lecter Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter Mutual Pining Fluff and Angst Hannibal Lecter is Not a Cannibal Alternate Universe - Dystopia Top Will Graham Bottom Hannibal Lecter Effeminate Boys boys in makeup Non-Evil Mason Verger

Language: English Series: ← Previous Work Part 2 of If Tomorrow Never Comes

Stats: Published: 2022-10-15 Words: 336 Chapters: 1/1 Hits: 0

The Firestarter

PAPILLON (000papillon000)

Summary:

Will has been living in New York City for a month, on his best behaviour. But, not matter how he tries, something inside of him cannot be sated. He cannot live a life of half-truths and false pretenses. One night, he speaks his mind.

And that's all it takes: one night; one horrible decision.

A seemingly small act of defiance lands Will in the place he fears most: the psych ward, where he is forced to undergo secretive treatment and reprogramming to accept a digital existence. The powers that be call it rehabilitation, but to Will, it is torture.

Will is fighting for his mind, his soul, and his life, and if he's lucky, he might even win.

Work Text:

I have over one hundred online profiles. They connect me to thousands of people, who connect me to a hundred thousand more, and together, we form an anonymous world. I can know anything, be anyone. But sometimes I don't want all the answers. I want to cleanse my mind of knowing, because then I will never have to wonder, or imagine, or reflect. I never have to remember, or organise, or plan. It's all done for me. But that doesn't mean it's a good thing.

I've made it my goal to begin deleting my profiles, one each day. My mother says you have to care for your life like a garden, pulling out weeds, or, in this case, people, or it all accumulates, and it's impossible to grow anything, when so many plants are competing for the same square of space.

But, even in saying this, I am keeping a handful of them—the ones that inspire and encourage me, and put people in my path who are irreplaceable. But it's all on the surface, and who knows what lies beneath?

I can meet people, but I cannot hear them smile. That's my favourite sound: how his skin, and breath, and lips converge when he smiles. It can't show me that each hair on his head insists on standing in a different direction, or that it's always a mess, even after he combs it. It can show me how his hair is dirty blond, but not the auburn highlights. It can't show me that he prefers to sleep in my arms, his back against my chest, our legs tangled beneath the blanket. It can't allow me to feel the sense of being calm, nervous, elated, and relieved, all at the same time.

I am learning that the world is filled with traps. I've set a handful of them off. It's also full of mistakes—actions and words that I cannot take back. But I am also learning that mistakes may open more doors than they close.

Series this work belongs to:

← Previous Work Part 2 of If Tomorrow Never Comes